

Kiss

The Losers Club - III

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Kiss by [kathasaurus_rex](#)

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Stanley Uris

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Summary:

Stanley contemplates his relationship with Bill.

Kiss

Bill was asleep, and drooling a bit, and Stan's heart hurt. Earlier that week when Bill had asked him to sleep over on Friday, Stan had immediately agreed; he had found that when he slept near Bill, the nightmares weren't so bad.

But the proximity to Bill made him... dopey. He felt himself smiling too much, laughing until he nearly cried, and wanting to hold his best friend's hand. He wasn't... no, he couldn't be gay. What would his father say? What would the other losers say?

He gulped nervously and gazed at Bill's wall of art instead. How many drawings were there, of Stan and his fellow losers? It was most of the wall, with only a few of more mundane objects that Bill found beautiful. Bill even managed to make Stan's scars look... beautiful. Damn, what was he going to do?

He reached down to grab a slice of pizza from the box on the floor. They had ordered a large cheese with extra cheesy bread, just because that was Stan's favorite. Why? Why did they never order Bill's favorite?

"Because," Bill had said jokingly, "it's not like pepperoni is kosher. What would you eat?"

How was Bill so perfect? He was good at art, and a good son, and an amazing friend... he would never disappoint his parents, or upset his best friend with a panic attack, or think about kissing a boy...

Kissing Bill... just the thought of it made Stan feel sweaty. What would it be like? How would he taste? Stan tossed the pizza slice back into the box, turned over, and slid down so his head was beside Bill's on the pillow. He reached out, brought his hand back, and then reached out again to rest his hand on Bill's cheek. Bill, still sleeping, leaned into Stan's touch, letting out a soft, breathy sigh.

Stan made up his mind, and he pushed his body forward to press his lips to Bill's. Oh, he forgot that Bill wore chapstick... and he was so warm... he pulled back and-

Bill's eyes were wide open, and he was staring right at him. "S-Stan?" he said, voice hoarse from sleep.

Oh no. "Bill, I'm so sorry, p-please forgive me." He could feel the tears gathering in his eyes, and he pushed himself backwards, stumbling off the bed and backing up into the wall. He stared down at his feet, shutting his eyes as tight as he could. He had just ruined everything. Why hadn't he kept his cool?

"S-Stan... come b-back over here."

He looked up, tears streaming down over his cheeks, and there was Bill, sitting up with blankets pooled around his waist, smiling.

"Why?" he asked, voice cracking.

Bill blushed. "Y-you didn't l-l-let me k-kiss you b-back."

What? Stan approached slowly, sliding back onto the bed. Bill was looking at him, he was looking at Bill... and then Bill was right there and kissing him. Stan's hand flew back up to the other boy's cheek, sliding back the smallest bit into his hair, and they kissed, and kissed, and kissed, for what felt like forever.

He pulled back enough to rest his forehead against Bill's, and they breathed the same air.

"I-I've been waiting f-forever for that," Bill said, letting his eyes close.

"Me too," Stan replied, his heart finally settling. "I'm glad you don't hate me."

Bill pulled Stan until they were both lying back down against the pillows, chests touching. "I could n-never hate you. You're... a-amazing." He curled even closer to Stan and yawned. "S-sleep. Okay?"

Stan was feeling kind of tired. He tossed an arm over Bill and held him closer. "Okay... goodnight, Bill."

"G-goodnight, Stan."